A.N...O.P.E.N...L.E.T.T.E.R

From Mouse Eggs
To All Contributors

Dear All

When I first begat myself I was small; no more than 5,6,7 pages.

It was easy to DITTO your poems.

BUT I have grown by leaps & feats and am never less than 15 pages.

Why, this issue of ME (Mouse Eggs) is about 25 pages.

I have become too large for me to DITTO transfer all your pages.

Therefore I'd like to ask
you to turn over a new Leaf

and make a NEW YEAR's resolution

"All's poems submitted to ME

will be done on a DITTO STENCIL"

Much thanks & best wishes to ALL

from

Mouse Eggs

Mouse Eggs
magazine in chief

ARCMTL scan 2017

3 X guy birchard

celebrate
not denigrate

tomatoes are lonely
locked out of the berry patch

...

Nutty Club

I eat
the roasted seeds of
Vincent's paintings

...

...

a mundane creature, no matter how pretty,
is the baltimore oriole winging across my memory
& perching ~~high~~ on a high oak branch, beyond a suspended
nest full of mundane tho lovely orioles in Oakville,
Ont., which now has a 6 digit postal area code-
the orioles possibly vanished from there in
latter years much like mundane birchards, without
a trace; metamorphosed into red-wing blackbirds or
mundane eagles or ducks like those I look at today,
missing poem-bearing and extraordinary angels.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Artie Gold

for Frank,
a few years now

xmas poem 71

Like chagrin tumble from giant palms thrown in dismay
white blotting paper finely ripped cascades onto everything;
new things to breathe once old things only confuse.

washerwoman overpowering nothing we can say
staying persistantly in secret space of heated houses
eyes drilling out into solid white dumbly trusting

greer factory stirs under these white bedsheets
things we cannot do to the world nevertheless become done

at seed-level fearful small chloro-residues persist
like money, voiceless heavy in the sewn inner pockets
of drwning courriers at sea.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Imaginary conversation between Si Dardick and Opal Nations.

Si - How do you like your drawings, Opal?

Opal - I can't see 'em!

Si - Well, we reduced them down a little bit.

Opal - Don't you think you ought to get a job with Central Intelligence?

Si - It's just that we thought they looked better that way.

Opal - Did you know that if you reduced all my drawings, all my poems, all my texts to resemble one tiny microdot, you'd have an implosive mass, so volatile, so powerful that you wouldn't be able to contain it, the explosion would blow you and the print shop away to the other side of Mars.

Si - You seen our new light table, Opal?

*

Imaginary Conversation between Artie Gold and Opal Nations.

Opal - Hi Artie! Hey, you look pretty bad!

Artie - Doctor said I had wombat shit in my gluteus maximus. (cough, cough)

Opal - Gee, too bad, Artie! And just right after your top-to-toe graft to replace your positively loose grey skin you've been hauling around all these years.

Artie - (cough) Hey, did you see that piece about Lewis Carroll's Suicide Alice. I wrote the one where she falls down a womb and slashes her wrists on an old Chevy rear view mirror and had published in Dementia Precox.

Opal - No, I didn't see it, Artie.

Artie - You'll have to excuse me having to talk to you like this from the 15th floor of the Quick Building, I've been dropping tabs of dex with yeast laced with plant food and unleaded gasoline. (cough)

Opal - If you jump now, Artie, you might just be in time for the Governor General's Award.

Artie - (cough, cough) Hey, put that cigarette out, will ya?

*

ARCMTL scan 2017

OPAL L. NATIONS

Imaginary conversation between Trevor Goring and Opal Nations.

Opal - Hi Trev, I like your new embroidered satin demask sweatshirt with the tuck-away chest pocket yashmak and handkerchief.

Trevor - Thanks, Opal!

Opal - Hear you just got back from C.C. in Toronto.

Trevor - Yeah, they gave us a tough time over our proposal to have the P.Q. Convention here at the Gallery as an art event.

Opal - What about the $2,000,000 scheme you had to purchase Berri De Montigny metro station as a possible alternative space for the Catastrophe Art Show, should you lose the lease on the Gallery?

Trevor - Well, they moaned a bit about it but I can't foresee any immediate problem.

Opal - What's this I hear about you falling out with the Explorations Committee?

Trevor - Well, the fucking Canada Council wouldn't move their offices from Sparks Street to Vehicule, now I don't think that's so fucking unreasonable, do you.

*

ARCMTL scan 2017

KEN NORRIS

DAWN

A nude woman rises
from beneath a gentle sea
this cool morning;
her skin white with soft light
she slowly traverses the room.

***

The moon's a maiden in a rose garden;
She wanders the expanse, smelling flowers
That are the stars, cups petalled roses
In her lily white hands.

ARCMTL scan 2017

T. Konyves

DADA TOO, TOO

for K. (e) N.

Knock. Knock.
Who's there?

Little black boy
Little white boy
simging
"We wish you a merry Christmas..."

I showed them to the elevator.

At two in the morning a car horn blasts for 25 minutes.
Horatio Hornblower,
I thought.
Woke me up in the middle
of a dream:

Ushered
into a parlor. Woman
says
"All the Dada things are in the basement.
"Wax babies, too."

"That's Dada, too," I said.

H
h

Merry X

Once we're inside there is movement, like this, like anything that penetrates completely

Once we're inside a thing or we're not. When we're

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TOM CORNMASH

PARADISE

I remember.
Duane Allman's licks
in a cloud of ethylene gas.

My baby left me. Blue moon.

If an ostrich
looks you in the eye
you're underground.

Hee-haw

ARCMTL scan 2017

Lost Myths for a Montreal Winter

Sympathetic Magic

he almost always
drives a FLASHY 280 cc/320 hp,
worry bead rear-view mirror hung,
pile carpeted seats-front & back,
bright-new second-hand V-8 chariot.

he has built
a Corinthian columned,
Aegean blue,
gas station for it.

He calls it
APPOLO GAZ

and everytime
he pulls in

he becomes

HE!

&
DIANA
is the pencil thin moustached attendant
filling HIM up
at 75¢ a gallon.

...

Gone Out of Bacchus

The DIONYSUS Discotheque
in that Park Avenue basement
is CLOSED

The gods & goddesses
have found
a warmer place to go-go

...

andre farkas

ARCMTL scan 2017

Prometheus Meat Market

Across from here
it is someone on a beach
executing a handstand

from its crotch a scar
drops
to the throat

From here
it is a carcass on a meathook
hanging by bound ankles

the scar is a crevice
exposes
the rib cage

(embraces nothing)

Here
my entrails are in a glass encased freezer
displayed on bloodied wax paper (sold by the pound)

the butcher's gold canine
smiles
like a beak

and brilliantly
distracts from his act

andre farkas

ARCMTL scan 2017

Patterns

their seperation is
sealed
& their two distant apartments
are connected only by the telephone line
along which their
little boy is sent
for occasional visits...

for at this height of the
christmas rush
wrappings accidently
peel & reveal the parcels
concealed beneath

it takes just a hand:
thumbs up--thumbs down
we are lions christians audience
we are all wrapped up in one cover

my lover, lets raise our
shaken hands
to ensure that they still touch
& that in their spark your breath
still forms patterns
on my face

Night Person After About-Face

at night the entire
panorama
of day
looks up at us,
waiting sternly to be faced.

we panic
with all our resources:
fearing the onslaught
not of what is to be
but of what was:

a deeper monster.

Helen Kosacky

ARCMTL scan 2017

Elegy

A Real History of Smokey

1) Fpund ½ dead from smoke inhalation in the Abe Lincoln memorial Forest N.M.

2) Smokey the bear is dead
-Robert

3) Smokey the bear was not related to Winnie the Poo

4) Never mated
never missed it
couldn't get it up

5) Konyves and Smokey were both found clinging to a pine tree 1953
to Dada 1976

6) burnt paws

7) Only you can prevent forest fires, that was his famous invention

8) Smokey is survived by Thumper Bambi

9) They threw him in a cage

10) his cave had no echo
(wawa)

11) he was exploited by the whites

12) no relation to S. Robinson & the Miracles

13) the ultimate expression in neurosis
-Robert

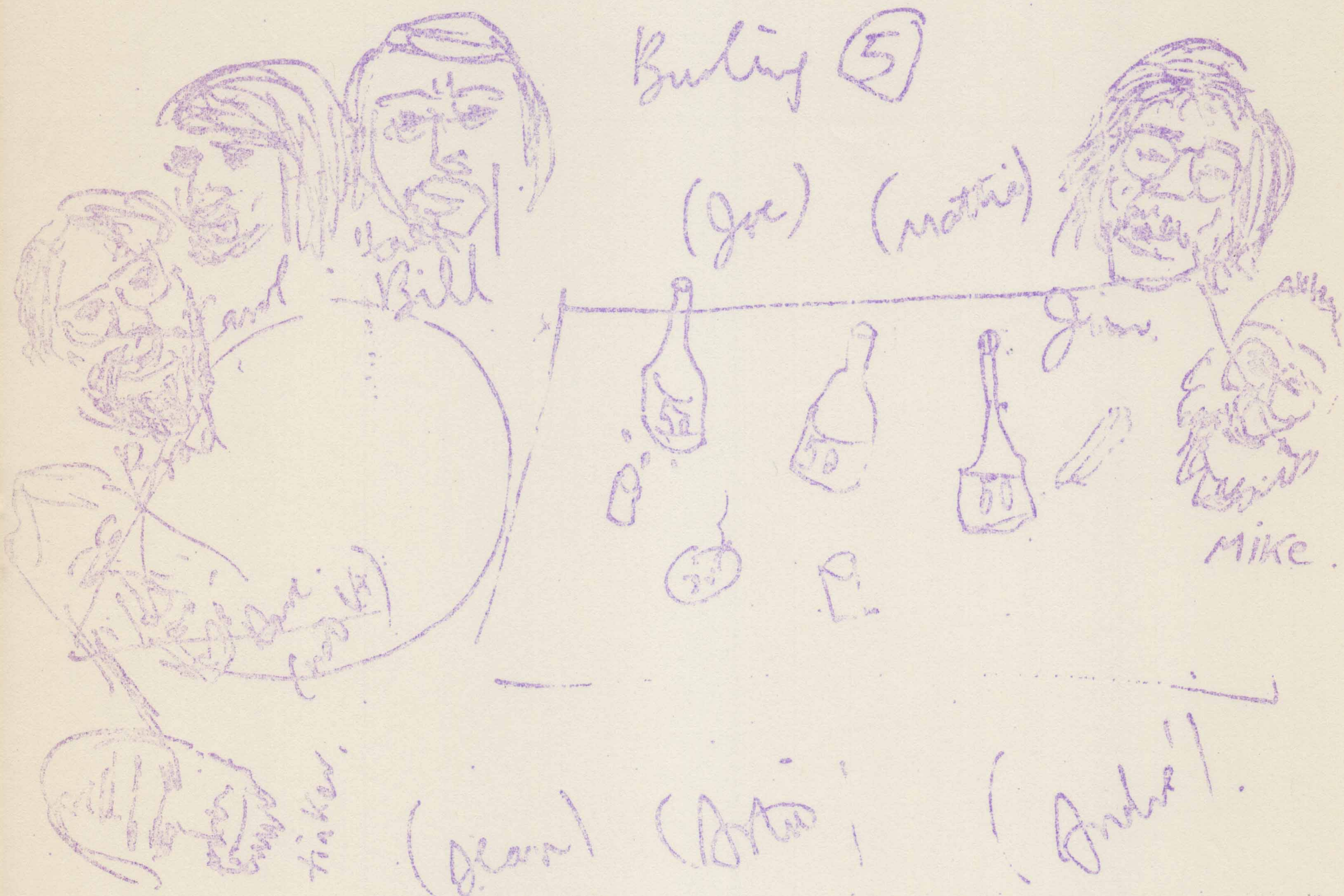
14) Something's illegal
(necrophelia)

15) they could send him back dead but they couldn't send him back alive
-Robert

16) Smokey died for us

17) The end

ARCMTL scan 2017



ARCMTL scan 2017

IF THERE ARE CAMERAS

if there are cameras
the lights will be low until the last second
& by then the film will simply slide on spools
to the dull hum of a tiny motor an opened eye

if a radio is allowed to play in the room
if there is a room
if the room has a window & a radio
the radio will play "42nd Street" by Coltrane
horns wading through the taxis
smiling across the waxed hoods

if there are any doubts
the cameras will not be needed
if there is a hand
it will be opened
the objects will be arranged carefully
their vectors fixed precisely on the center of the room
if there is a room

Bill Davis

ARCMTL scan 2017

The Violets

There is little memory
on a day in June,
dandelions & the last
of columbine

upon the mountain.
There have been days
similiar to this
but not the washed out shadows
on Sumie Wilson Road,
that Dodge or the look
you wore I hadn't
seen before while I

played dumb,
too hot to even think
of what a night has done
not to mention

that still air upon the mountaintop
where the cyclists
seeing violets
heve gathered in the heat.

James B. McGinniss

ARCMTL scan 2017

Starlings - an early memory

usually I woke up first
and heard the starlings fret
in the narrow yard
outside the bedroom window

their voices scraped against each other
their hoarse, quiet screams
unhinged me
and I listened to the starlings
string their squawks
from limb to limb
in all that sun

that year, those mornings
we slept together
on a burrowed cot
in a burrowed room
your breathing lightened
as you surfaced towards morning

I lent you my body
in the brightness
myself clinging
to the pinched sound of starlings

Carol E Cohen

ARCMTL scan 2017

The Crimson Sun

The sun hung
above the horizon
for hours it seemed,
waiting for all to gather
for the last dramatic
flash before it fell
behind the sea.

The animals came
& went about
their evening business
never questioning the goose
for mingling with the goats,
the sheep for sharing
ground with geese
or the horse for gazing at the cow.

There's nothing like a cows
gaze its eye a pool
of infinite stupidity
of infinite acceptance.
They accept our stares
& seem to digest them
as if they were food
on which a brand of lonelinesa depended.

The town is painted red.
Now there is silence
& all who stay
sense danger in the air.
The dog & the fox sniff six ways.
For good or ill the red lamp shines.
But it is not yet night.

There is no music
but the music of the animals.
The woodpecker. The foxes
whine. The nighthawk.
& off among the hemlocks
a thrush is singing anthems
on leaf mold or the plentitude
of grubs at dusk.

cont'd

ARCMTL scan 2017

The Crimson Sun (cont'd.)

There is no sun but the crimson sun
that lies half buried.
the hoarse voice of ravens saying harvest
in the shadow of the gibbet.
no sun but the crimson sun
that shines half within our eyes
& half within a deaf & savage sea.

James B McGinniss

ARCMTL scan 2017

improvisations on the cover of the collected
books of jack spicer in early december

as easy as
white
on white
the puzzle comes clear
a tree
the waiting poet
the cloud/s next gift
the 4th chalice
our first challenge
a postcard & white
 n wide expance
the next landscape
margin of fresh snow on bare trees
cows coming in for milking
curlicues of smoke caught in the wind
running across the valley
& in a car ride across the white to a photograph
rediscovered in a casual perusal
in a night of coffee & the fire warm
write
on white paper
the memory of the day
a glance out the window
christmas lights from downtown
& if a window were open
24 hour caroling
smoke from furnaces laces above chimneys
the boston bus swings wide onto bank street
another cup of coffee
& passing the bookcase
the dirt worn exposition on spicers collected books
as plain as white
on white

Mike Breiner

ARCMTL scan 2017

THIRTY-FIVE LINES

the charge
like your fingers
zeroing in on
jiggling needles

emerging
over & over until I get it right

I am
moving mouths
a spatter of little valves
leading away from this sense of a scene
the mirror upon which all forms are reflected

clouds in the distance
right in the center
rising & falling in regular rhythm

every word & every suggestion
blindly

a shaman staff striking the earth
telling a story to be forgotten

hundreds of little animals

the certainty of peace

heavy panting

the stem

leaves

like electric patterns in a skin
building up geometrically

SIX

a productive vacuum

sunlight
in the river

the car & its parts
hanging over the mountains

leather

feathers drifting down

velour

thirty five times

Tinker Greene

ARCMTL scan 2017

the moon
a poetry in things
reflecting on the wires
sheen

moon over the water
the city spreads out to the horizon
lined up
no ideas
a music as thick as blood
floating

the noise of eyes
soaring into the blue

existence becomes more personal
she ripped her bra
into levels of meaning
remember its just a convention

bicycles whir
a decor

blue wall
palms
a silver knot

squealing
a hammering heart
for an instant

dazed and miraculous

hold it right where you are

temporary quaters

touching
the parking meters
a dial

in the course of our lives
veils fall off

yellow veins

gorgeous and detailed opened by the wind
as if
towering

there's work to be done

curious

and the leafy trees
of the dawn

you can see the nipple

and then we lie down

sixteen
acting together
the leaves of Paris

the future

one in every apartment a hole
as we grow old

hands outstretched
in the greenish light
and the streetlight
sighs

the shimmer
bellows

softly
a choir
the bracelet

a star

Tinker Greene

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